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## The Wrecking Yard

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## Lehmann: The Wrecking Yard

And cottonseeds were in the air.  
We felt the soft against our skin  
When cottonseeds we gathered in.

At night we'd listen from our beds—  
The cottonwood would clap its leaves  
When stirred by just a little breeze

While in the moonlight we could see  
That other continuity,  
Our other friend, the front yard tree.

I have an early memory  
Of trees that graced our childhood home,  
Of two tall trees that stood alone.”

## The Wrecking Yard

Gabrielle Lehmann

The wrecking yard is full tonight  
But it won't be for long  
The wrecking yard is full for now  
Tomorrow, we'll be gone  
We're all the things you never knew  
You missed- the things you threw away  
We're all abandoned, old and blue  
Our life ends here because of you

The wrecking yard is full tonight  
Of old machines and busted parts  
The wrecking yard is full of stories-  
Tales spun deep in hard-drive hearts  
Each toy left here was once a friend  
But now it seems we're all but lost  
And what it comes to, in the end  
Is that our time comes with a cost  
They're hard facts, here, to try and face  
But here they are to ponder on-  
That we aren't all just here, misplaced  
Maybe now we've been replaced,

Or maybe we were never really there for them at all  
Or maybe now we're all a pile of bones, however small

Tonight the wrecking yard is full  
Of click-track hearts and old machines  
Tonight the wrecking yard is full  
The wrecking yard is full of screams

The crusher runs on overtime  
From evening on til dawn  
To clear out our assembled line  
Tomorrow we'll be gone

And now it seems we're all forgotten-  
All that's left is broken dreams  
And we weren't broken, we aren't rotten  
When we got here, we were clean  
It seems somehow we've lost our purpose  
Somehow we're now obsolete  
Once all priceless, now we're worthless  
Things have changed- we can't compete

The wrecking yard is full tonight  
Of old TVs and floppy disks  
Of teddy bears and plastic knights  
Computers, pots and pans, and whisks  
The wrecking yard is full of toys  
Of cars, and bikes, and stereos  
Piles of phones and broken clocks  
Old microwaves and radios  
The wrecking yard is full of tales  
But soon enough they start to blend  
For while they've got their own details  
Each story has the same sad end

The wrecking yard is full tonight  
But it won't be for long  
The wrecking yard is full  
But by tomorrow-  
We'll be gone

## Close enough to love me

Julie Birkey

I'm not going to let you  
close enough to hurt me.  
Close enough to throw  
my emotions to the wind,  
close enough to desert me.

I'm not going to let you  
kiss my porcelain face good night  
when you walk me to the door  
interlock your delicate fingers with mine  
when you want to show me off,